

HOME CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

There is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison.

The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of this vile poison, and only attempt to heal up the outward appearance of the disease—the sores and eruptions. This they do by driving the poison into the system, and endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself.

Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large spots on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home, after the doctors had failed completely."

It is valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swift Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—acts in an entirely different way from potash and mercury—it forces the poison out of the system and gets rid of it entirely. Hence it cures the disease, while other remedies only shut the poison in where it lurks forever, constantly undermining the constitution. Our system of private home treatment places a cure within the reach of all. We give all necessary medical advice, free of charge, and save the patient the embarrassment of publicity. Write for full information to Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



Come and See Before You Buy

The Immense Stock of

DRILLS, Harrows, Plows, Buggies and Harness.

Ask the forty farmers as to the merits of the SUPERIOR DRILLS bought and used last season. We guarantee satisfaction.

W. F. PIERSON.

Corner of Main and Henry Streets.

Don't Wait!

Now is the time to buy your Drill and the—

Bickford and Huffman

is the best to buy. Come in at once and see the sample at our store. The Bickford & Huffman Drill is too well known to the farmers of this county for us to try to praise it up to you.

Vulcan Plows

are here to stay. They are sold on an absolute guarantee to give satisfaction. Prices very reasonable. If you need a plow, why don't you try a Vulcan. It is the best plow on the market to-day.

Thomas' Disc Harrows.

We are closing out a few Thomas' Disc Harrows at prices that are very low. It will pay you to get our prices on these goods before buying elsewhere. Remember we are closing out these goods at low prices as we are not going to handle them any longer.

Owen Hardware Co.

New York Life Insurance Company.

J. W. McCLUNG, Agent,

LEXINGTON, VA.

Has lived and steadily grown for fifty-four years. Is under the direct supervision of eighty-two governments. Its policies are incontestable and non-forfeitable from date of issue. Thirty days grace are given in payment of premiums. Loans are made at rate of second year living, or manner of death. Issues all forms of policies, including Ordinary Life, Payment Life and Endowment; and all these policies provide for an installment option when it becomes a claim by death. Before insuring, call and see me, and let me show you a sample policy.

J. W. McCLUNG, Agent.



"Complete Hammock and How to Attain It."

A Wonderful New Medical Book, written for Men Only. One copy may be had free, mailed in plain envelope, upon application.

ERIC MEDICAL CO., 64 Niagara St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Lady of the House (to peddler)—"If you do not go away I'll whistle for the dog." Pushing Peddler—"Then let me sell you a whistle, mum." Tit-Bits.

Orator—"No, gentlemen; I tell you that if you want a thing done well, you must always do it yourself." Voice From the Crowd—"How about getting your hair cut?"

"That hammock has a history." "What is it?" "It has been through six seasons at the seaside with the Upjohn family, and not one of the girls is married yet."—Chicago Tribune.

"That man cheated me out of a cool million." "Ah—wouldn't let you marry his daughter, I suppose?" No; he let me marry her, and doesn't give us a cent."—Detroit Free Press.

It is said that the W. R. Trigg Ship-building Company at Richmond, which is now building six torpedo boats for the government, proposes to greatly enlarge its plant.

A GRASSHOPPER STORY.

A live grasshopper will eat a dead grasshopper. A Missouri farmer mixed paris green and bran together and let a grasshopper eat it. He died. Twenty ate him up. They died. Four hundred ate those 20, and they died. Eight thousand ate those 400, and they died. A hundred and sixty thousand ate those 8,000 and died, and the farmer was troubled no more.

In its flight from the far west the name of the statistician of this story has become separated from his figures, but the fact that the incident occurred in Missouri is regarded as evidence of its possibility.—New York Tribune.

SHE TURNED THE LAUGH.

She is from the far away southwest and her first visit to the city, but all attempts to chaff her have been reactivated. "I suppose," said her host, with a wink to the others at the table, "the cyclone you had just before leaving carried away a township or two and pasted them against the mountains beyond?" "Yes, and stood one of the mountains on its apex, where it spun like a top. But the most interesting feature to me was the hail. The stones were not very large, but nearly all of them were hand painted and some had horns."—Detroit Free Press.

THE LADIES.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, make it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all druggists.

Very warm weather will prevail over the continent from 15th to 20th, accompanied by storms and heavy gales from the northwest, with probably snow and frost in more northerly sections latter part of the period. Unsettled, threatening weather from 21st to 24th. From the 25th to the end of the month decided storm conditions will develop and run their usual course from west to east across the continent. Some sleet may be looked for in northern sections as the month nears its close.—Rev. I. R. Hicks.

Catching the Old Man: Little Clarence—"Pa, that man going yonder can't hear it thunder." Mr. Calipers—"Is he deaf?" Little Clarence—"No, sir; it isn't thundering."—Puck.

Gentleman—"Cabby, I'll give you five dollars if you catch the 4:30 train." Cabby (excitedly)—"Jump in, gu'nor an' I'll do it or break yer neck in the attempt!"

Jack—"Is Charley a man to be trusted?" Cholly—"I'd trust him with my life." Jack—"Oh, yes; I know. But would you trust him with five dollars?"—Baltimore Life.

Coming to love God is like climbing a high mountain. It takes you out of the low valley of formal life. It sets you upon the open summit of spiritual sympathy, close to the sun.

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$900 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-address stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 2, Chicago, Sept. 13-30td

ELECTROPOISE

Cures all diseases without the use of medicine. A pure Oxygen treatment, by absorption. It cures where everything else fails. It is needed in every family, for it will cure every weakness or ailment, to the most persistent chronic disease, and without the use of a grain of medicine. Thousands of people all over the United States, from private citizens to Lawyers, Doctors, Preachers, Supreme Judges, Editors, etc., have written testimonials of these facts. Book of testimonials, with price of instruments sent free. Agents wanted, \$5.00 to \$10.00 a day. The Electro-Poise Co., 518 4th St., Louisville, Ky.

LADY OR MAN wanted to travel and appoint agents. \$60 per month salary and all expenses. ZIEGLER CO., 240 Locust St., Philadelphia.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores falling hair. Cures itching scalp. Cures dandruff. Cures all scalp diseases. A hair falling out, and \$1.00 per bottle.

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COOK BOOK—

telling how to prepare many delicate and delicious dishes.

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CLEANSES THE SYSTEM DISPELS EFFECTUALLY COLDS, HEADACHES, OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION TO GET PERMANENTLY ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE—MANUFACTURED BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

TOM'S EXPERIMENT.

BY SIDNEY DATRE.

"What do you think of this mother?" Tom ran out in great excitement to the garden, where his mother was busy. "In a great storm, lately, a man was blown off High Bridge at Harlem; and he had an umbrella, and he fell out of it tight, and went down a hundred feet and came down safe and easy. A hundred feet, mother."

"It was surely a very wonderful escape, Tom."

"Well, it seems so. But after all, when you think of it, it's just what might have been expected. I wonder how he felt. It must have been a jolly kind of thing to happen to one."

"I think it must have been a very terrible experience."

"Why, he didn't get hurt a bit, mother."

"No; but no one could anticipate being so mercifully preserved, and such an adventure must have been attended with a severe shock and fright. Will you get your hoe and help me with these pansies?"

Tom willingly gave the desired assistance, for he dearly loved every flower which grew, and took as much pride as his mother did in the neatness of the garden and the thrifty growth of its treasures.

"But mother," he went on, "it seems to me it was not such a dangerous thing as you think. If the man knew anything about the laws of aerophilosophy he must have known that his umbrella would act as a parachute, and keep him from coming down too fast. Did you ever study natural philosophy, mother?"

"A little," she said, with a smile.

"Then of course you knew that the pressure of air is equal in every direction, and its support would hold up the umbrella. Why, I don't think it was a wonderful escape at all, but the most natural thing in the world. I could show you how it was done; mother, just as easy as not, by taking an umbrella and going out on the upper piazza and jumping off. No; I think I'd go up to the garret window and try it from there, so as to have a greater distance." You see—

"Don't be so quite so vigorously, my dear," interrupted his mother, as Tom's energy increased with his interest in the subject under discussion. "Of course you would not think of doing anything so foolish."

"But, dear," girls, when you were young, didn't go far enough in philosophy to be sure of things as we are in these days. No, I think it would be a very pretty little experience to try. You see, mother, Nature never makes mistakes. She is always the same, and can always be relied upon."

"Yes, dear, I am sure of that—so sure that I think I shall transplant a few seedlings from the hotbed, confident that she will not fail me in the wealth of sunshine and soft rain which I shall expect from her. They are well grown and it is quite late enough in the season."

"I guess she won't," said Tom, with a smile, ready to fall into his mother's fancy.

"Now, mother," he went on, as, having raked a bed of the warm, moist

earth, he proceeded, with very gentle and painstaking hands, to set in the dainty morsels of delicate green, "you can easily understand how perfectly the resistance of the air would bear me up if I tried it. I don't know but you are right in thinking it wonderful that the man should come down all right when the wind was blowing and might whisk him about here and there and everywhere. But on a quiet day like this it would be sure, for the displacement of the air under the umbrella would be so gradual as to make it quite impossible for anything to go wrong. Why?"—Tom waxed more and more enthusiastic—"it would be just splendid to feel nothing under your feet, and yet have a perfect confidence in what you are about, eh, mother?"

"Indeed, Tom," she said, laughing, "I think my confidence in what I am about and in things in general, is much more perfect when I feel the solid ground under my feet."

"That's because you're not a boy," said Tom, with a look of commiseration for his mother's forlorn condition, as he went to put away the rake.

He was just nearing the age when boys think they know more than their mothers, or, indeed, than any one else in the world. What special age that may be, mothers are probably best able to determine; but their opinions may be likely to vary, for it is certainly a comprehensive one.

The first peeps gained by a lively boy into the precincts of the wonders of nature and art usually serve to fill him with exalted notions of himself in being able to take that peep. But it is always observed that the further he advances into the sacred domain, the more reverently does he tread, until at length the really knowing stand mute and humble in view of the vastness of the yet-to-be-known.

Tom, resting with happy confidence in his knowledge of the laws of nature which knowledge he rated far higher than his mother's judgement and caution, based upon years of actual experience in life, called upon his nearest friend, Phil, to share his interest in the matter of an aeronautic experiment.

"A hundred feet—phew!" exclaimed Phil, who shown the account of the adventure on Harlem High bridge. "I wouldn't like to have been he, would you?"

"Why not?" said Tom. "He was sure to turn up all right."

"Wouldn't you?"

Phil looked at him with respect.

"Of course I wouldn't," said Tom. "Only there isn't any such high thing. You wouldn't go down half such a high place—a quarter. You wouldn't—well you wouldn't go off the barn or the house."

"Wouldn't it? That's the very thing I'm going to do."

"When?" asked Phil, in a doubting tone.

"Any time. Now. This is just as good a time as any other. Come up to the garret with me and I'll go out of that window."

"What if you should get hurt?"

"I shan't."

"I don't expect to because I know what I'm about."

Phil followed Tom into the house and not having arrived at such a knowing age looked admiringly on while he selected the largest umbrella from the attack in the hall, without a suspicion

A CAPABLE mother must be a healthy mother.

The experience of maternity should not be approached without careful physical preparation.

Correct and practical counsel is what the expectant and would-be mother needs and this counsel she can secure without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. CORA GILSON, Yates, Manistee Co., Mich., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Two years ago I began having such dull, heavy, dragging pains in my back, menses were profuse and painful and was troubled with leucorrhoea. I took patent medicines and consulted a physician, but received no benefit and could not become pregnant."

"Seeing one of your books, I wrote to you telling you my troubles and asking for advice. You answered my letter promptly and I followed the directions faithfully, and derived so much benefit that I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. I now find myself pregnant and have begun its use again. I cannot praise it enough."

Mrs. PERLEY MOULTON, Thetford, Vt., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine. I took several bottles of it before the birth of my baby and got along nicely. I had no after-pains and am now strong and enjoying good health. Baby is also fat and healthy."

Mrs. CHAS. GERBIO, 304 South Monroe St., Baltimore, Md., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was unable to become pregnant; but since I have used it my health is much improved, and I have a big baby on the way."

and wife of my time.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

that, in the bottom of his heart, Tom was conscious of a wish that his mother might in some way learn what he proposed doing, and forbid it. But she was nowhere near, and the two mounted to the garret.

"Now, you see," said Tom, as he opened a window and stepped out upon a ledge formed by the jutting out of the lower edge of the mansard roof, "there can't be any mistake about the thing, for Nature never makes mistakes. The pressure of air under the umbrella is the thing that holds it up, and it can't fall."

Whether Tom said this as much to prop up his own sinking courage as to enlighten his friend cannot be known, but he will not be likely to tell. But certain it was that he was beginning to wish earnestly that anything might bring mother upstairs. If it had not been for Phil he certainly would have given up his venture. But how could he back out after having said so much? He had been standing up bravely for Dame Nature and her laws; surely she would do her part in standing by him.

"Dear me, don't!" implored Phil, his head gesturing dizzily as he took a peep down into the garden below. "You'll be sure to break your arm or something. It's a long ways down there."

"Pshaw!" said Tom. "That man went down a hundred feet. This isn't more than, say 25 feet or so. Mother, are you down there?" he cried.

But no mother's voice answered.

"Now watch," he said. "I'm going to make for that little plot of grass."

He would still have drawn back if he had not said so much. With a desperate mental effort of faith in Nature he tightly clutched his open umbrella in both hands and out upon nothing.

But alas for Tom! Good old Dame Nature stood ready to do her part, and did it; but how could the maker of that umbrella have anticipated that it would ever be called upon to do duty as a parachute? At the first strong downward pull, crack—snap—up went its ribs, showing that the fully-relied-on pressure of air had not failed.

There was a helpless movement of the feet, a gasping for breath in the quick rush of air, a dreadful jarring fall, and then Tom lay stunned and motionless in the midst of the pansy bed.

In great terror Phil rushed down through the house and stood at Tom's side.

"Oh, Tom, are you killed? Are you hurt?"

Tom looked about him with a dazed expression, then tried to get up, but fell back with a moan.

The jar of the fall had thrown his hip out of joint, and all he suffered and all he thought before he was again able to work in the garden will probably be a life-long benefit to him.

"I am as sure as I was before, though," he said one day to Phil, when he came to see him, "that if that old

umbrella hadn't gone back on me I should have come down all right."

"Then are you going to try it again?" asked Phil.

But Tom did not say. And I have never heard that he did.—Golden Days.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF DIARRHOEA.

A Prominent Virginia Editor Had Almost Given Up, But Was Brought Back to Perfect Health By Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

From The Times, Hillsville, Va.

I suffered with diarrhoea for a long time and thought I was past being cured. I had spent much time and money and suffered so much misery that I had almost decided to give up all hopes of recovery and await the result, but noticing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and also some testimonials stating how some wonderful cures had been wrought by this remedy, I decided to try it. After taking a few doses I was entirely well of that trouble, and I wish to say further to my readers and fellow-sufferers that I am a hale and hearty man to-day and feel as well as I ever did in my life.—O. R. Moore, For sale by B. H. Gorrell, Druggist.

Some men who sing with great emotion "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies," had better pay the preacher, for all that they have no title up there.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Mothers of children affected with croup or a severe cold need not hesitate to administer Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It contains no opium nor narcotic in any form and may be given as confidently to the babe as to an adult. The great success that has attended its use in the treatment of colds and croup has won for it the approval and praise it has received throughout the United States and in many foreign lands. For sale by B. H. Gorrell, Druggist.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. B. H. Gorrell will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

In a letter to Chairman Dick, of the Ohio Republican State Executive Committee, Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, makes an emphatic statement denying the secret alliance between England and the United States.

The great success of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the treatment of bowel complaints has made it standard over the greater part of the civilized world. For sale by B. H. Gorrell, Druggist.

"He was dead in old Kentucky," will be the next song if the present campaign of personalities is kept up in that State.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Art thou lonesome, gentle oyster, in that thou they call a stew, apart from all thy kin and kin, how is it now with you?

From her bonny blue eyes has fled the light, and sad is the heart of the maid, for she went to the circus the other day and drank of the red lemonade.

If you want to see unadulterated bliss in its supreme form, watch a chunk of watermelon disappear down the elongated esophagus of an Afro-American.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Mexican silver dollars are current all over China, and when they cannot be had block silver, uncoined, is used.

The carp is nearly all bone. Every time it breathes this fish moves no less than 4,386 bones and 4,320 veins.

John R. McLean, the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, is said to be worth \$20,000,000. And he owns three or four newspapers.

The churches of the United States claim 26,000,000 communicants.